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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

EIGHT QUEENS TO MEET IN LONDON.

The Russian Dowager Permanently Exiles Herself from the Tsardom

When Queen Augusta arrives with King Manoel this country will be the fortunate domicile—temporarily, at any rate—of no less than eight Queens. Not since the funeral of King Edward has there been such a collection of crowned heads in this country. Then there were seven kings in the funeral procession. How many queens there were I do not remember. But that was only for a week or so. England, the Land of the Exile, is likely to have a plethora of queens permanently resident within her borders for some years to come. The Dowager Empress of Russia, who didn't like Queen Victoria and refused to visit England for many years, suddenly got over her pique some ten years ago, came over to Buckingham Palace, where her sister Alexandra was Queen-Consort, and has paid this country a visit every year since, and likes us more every time. Now she has definitely determined to stay with us altogether, for which, considering the resources of Russia, we should really feel flattered. At the moment special apartments are being prepared for H.I.M. at Sandringham. The Dowager Empress and Queen Alexandra are just now at their Danish seaside villa, but are coming over for the Connaught wedding in a few days, and will be joined by their relations, the King and Queen of Greece, who are now at Eastbourne.

A Remarkable Reunion.

The Queen of Greece is, of course, a cousin of King George, while King Constantine is own nephew to both Queen Alexandra and the Russian Dowager. So there will be a very happy family reunion at Marlborough House, and young Prince Eric of Denmark is chucking his agricultural studies in Cheshire to come to London and meet his Hellenic relations. Besides Queen Alexandra and the Empress Marie there are in this country the ex-Empress Eugenie, widow of the last Napoleonic King of France, and Queen Amelie of Portugal, who needs no introduction to readers of these notes. Then there is shortly to be amongst us—as she is every year—Queen Maud of Norway, daughter of Queen Alexandra, who will stay several weeks in England. And then, of course, there is Queen Mary, the queenliest of the bunch, in spite of her flower-garden hats and old-fashioned petticoats. But Queen Augusta Victoria promises to put them all in the shade for beauty! What thrills there will be when the eight queens meet in London.

The Royal Suitor Back at Balmoral.

The Strelitzer is back again amongst the Royalties, and has gone off to Balmoral, where he is having good sport amongst the stags. Since that wiggling Queen Mary gave him on board the Royal yacht at Cowes, over his flirtations with pretty Lady Curzon, His Grand Ducal Highness has

simmered down considerably, and is now quite a good boy. They didn't let him stay long at Strelitz. I hear that Prince Mary is getting to like him very much, though, of course, she isn't likely to fall violently in love, for the Hereditary Grand Duke is thirty, and somewhat bony in appearance, although very debonair and gallant. I hear he is likely to be Prince Arthur's right-hand man at the wedding. By way, there is tremendous anxiety about the ceremony, owing to the smallness of the Royal chapel, it will be absolutely impossible to accommodate all the foreign relations with due dignity. There is bound to be a lot of pushing and squeezing, and the ambassadors, too, have to be provided with seats—and not back seats, either.

Lady Curzon follows the H.G.D. to the North.

The Strelitzer is staying just now with the Portarlington Castle Grant: His Grand Ducal Highness did the honours of the Northern Meeting's ball the other evening at Inverness, and did them well, for the future Grand Duke of Strelitz has nothing to learn from his English relations of ceremonial or ball-room etiquette. Pretty Lady Curzon wasn't long in following His Grand Ducal Highness to the north, and she travelled to Inverness alone! That was some days ago. Her present whereabouts are unknown. Hereditary Grand Duke is to be shown the British Army some of its bloodless fighting in Buckinghamshire, and will continue to be in evidence in this country on and until his betrothal to Princess Mary is announced, however, will not be for two or three years.

The Hereditary Grand Duke's Sisters.

One of the difficulties in regard to the Strelitzer are his sisters. They are ladies of peculiar views on courtly matters, and are no longer on cordial terms with the German and English royalties. One of them is the daughter of the heir to King Nicholas of Montenegro, and the other is—or was—morganatically married to the Count de Janina, the son of the French pill-maker. That marriage was a source of intense annoyance to the Strelitzers, and it is placed quietly in this country, at Kew, in the summer of 1910. We believe that the marriage has since been annulled, was, in any case, soon found to have been founded upon a woman's infatuation and a man's ambition.

No Forgiveness for a Princess.

A few months after the marriage, however, one of the present Grand Duke's brothers, Duke George, fell violently in love with a Russian woman named Natalie Vanliarsky, married her. Far from snubbing the lady, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz fixed things up all right for her brother and his Russian wife by creating the lady "Countess of Carlow," which has a pleasant Irish sound, though the title has never been heard in these islands. It is regarded as no great mesalliance for a prince to wed a commoner in Europe, but forgiveness for a woman who weds out of caste there is none in Germany! Witness the tragedy of the Princess Sophia of Saxe-Weimar the other day! She was not wedded her Jew banker, it is true, but she wanted to rather than affront her relations she shot herself.

A Saxe-Weimar Prince who Married an English woman.

Rumours about Princess Sophia's love affairs had been floating about for two years past. She was a very strong young lady, and unusually gifted. She was the daughter of a coarse, of the most romantically-minded clan in the Prussian land. The princes and princesses of this important family have always had a predilection against marrying their equals. We still have kindly remembrance of an Englishman to any German princess. He was the late Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, a brother of the present Grand Duke's father. Prince Edward imbibed a love of all things English in his cradle, for he was born at Bushey Park, near London, and when the time came for him to select a wife from amongst the ruling families of his country, he absolutely refused to be a party to the contract. He had such a row with his relations in London, that he chucked them for ever, came over to London, and for many years was a well-known member of English Society.

Saxe-Weimar Prince Becomes a British Marshal.

Prince Edward eventually fell in love with one of the Duke of Richmond's daughters, and the Prince's romance was a very able officer of the British Army, his romance



Mabel : "Why do you suppose he's married his deceased wife's sister ?"
Flo : "So as not to change his mother-in-law, I suppose."

encouragement of the Queen, and the marriage duly
place. The Prince put himself outside the pale of
by his marriage, for even the Duke of Richmond's
isn't good enough for a German princeling of the
However, after a time the Grand Duke of Saxe-
honoured his English relation with the title of
Dornburg. Many years later Queen Victoria did
thing. Her Majesty raised Prince Edward's
wife to the princely rank, and for the rest of
and was known as "Princess Edward of Saxe-
almost the first persons whom King Edward
upon his accession to the throne were this interesting
residence at North Berwick. Prince Edward
a good-looking man, and during the Crimean War
performed many acts of bravery and lived to carry the
of a British Field-Marshal, and to command the
troops in Ireland.

Smiling Morn !

everybody is the sport of the millionaires and the lairds,
provides us with nothing in the way of sport which is
as good as the sport of the hour in the South. Out
at five o'clock in the morning takes a lot
just now. It's early work, of course, for scent
fresh as dew, but you get back to your bacon and
the sheets by nine o'clock at night. It's hard
and spinnies are just now impenetrable with the
growth. It's wonderful how foxes vary in different
country. The Pytchley had one cub in a week ;
The Ledbury, with a score couples of dog-
There is going to be a black fox the other day—a very rare
"beats" generally.

undergrowth for foxes is not a little dangerous.
Other varieties of exhilaration hold them until
By the way, some of our leading
work begins. Lord Tollemache, for
has been making the old-fashioned game of croquet
at Brighton during the past few days, and Lord
the heir of the Primroses, has been showing great

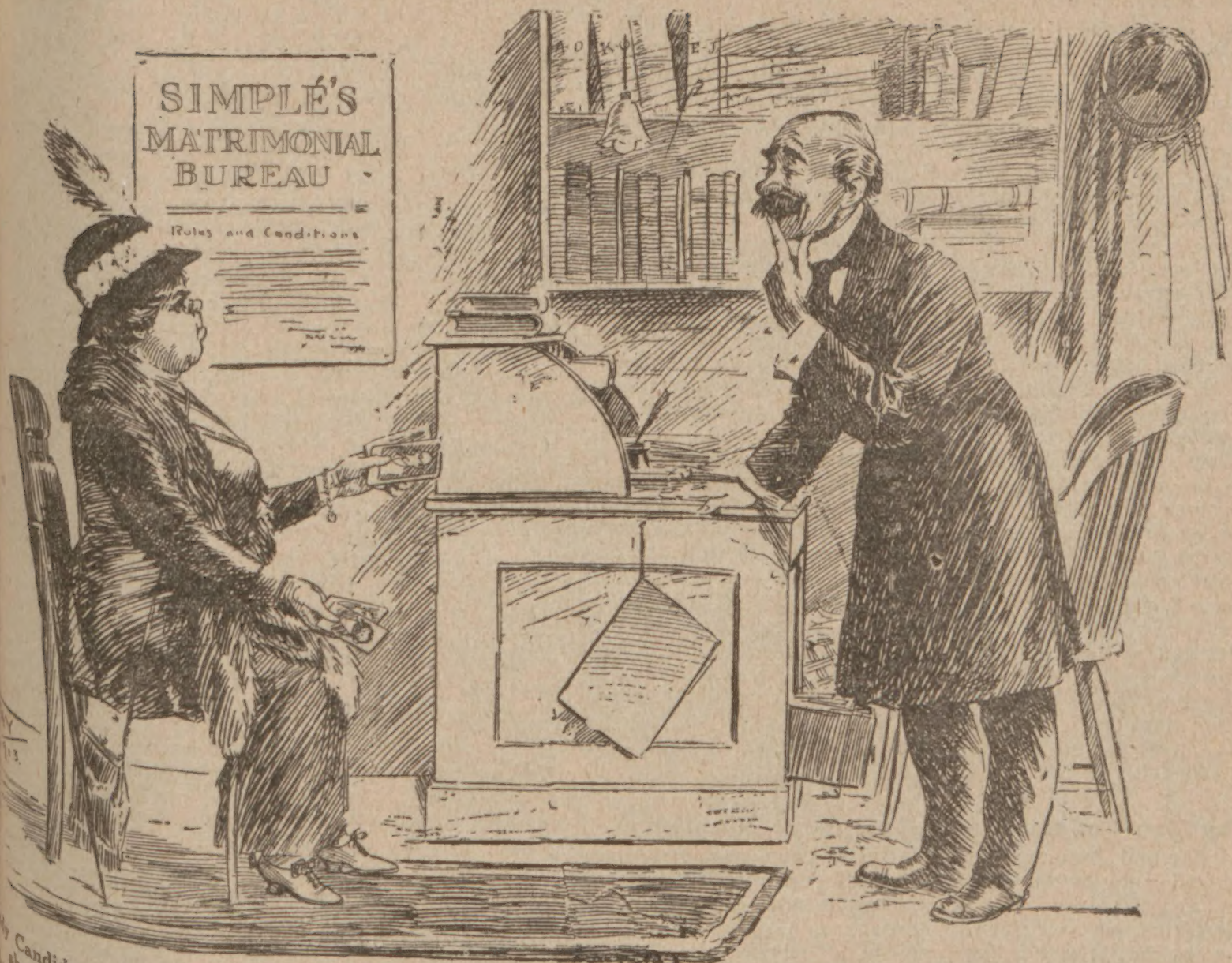
form in the Rugby Polo Tournament at Spring Hill. It is
not a little curious that in this country polo has to rely
largely upon the nobility of Spain for support. The cup
presented at Spring Hill the other day was given by Comte
Jean de Madre, and the Marquesa de Viana, one of the
grandees, gave away the prizes. Polo gets a lot more Royal
encouragement in Iberia than in this country, which is its
home. The Duke of Penderanda, the Duke of Arion, and
the Duke of Alba have also been playing in the tournament.

A Titular Rigmarole.

These latter nobles are all Spaniards, but the last men-
tioned has a curious relationship to our own First Family,
and his name sufficiently denotes his English origin. Anyway,
titularly he is a very important young man. He goes about
with these handles—Jacobo Maria del Pilar Carlos Manuel
Stuart Fitz-James, Duke of Berwick, Duke of Alba, Duke of
Liria y Xerica, De Arjona de Montono, and de Huescar ;
Count-Duke of Olivarez, and Marquis de Carpio, de Coria,
de Eliche, de la Moto de San Leonardo, de Sarria, de Tarra-
zona, de Villaneuva del Rio, de Villaneuva del Fresno, de
Barcarrota and de la Algarba. The Duke is twenty-fourth
Conde de Lemos and de Lerin, and Condestable de Navarra,
de Ayala, de Fuentes, de Valdepero, de Gelves, de Villalba,
de San Esteban, de Gormaz, de Fuentiduena, and de Cassar-
rubios del Monte y de Galve. Most of these appalling titles
descended upon the young polo-player through his father
dying suddenly aboard Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht in New
York harbour twelve years ago, so by now he has probably
got used to them, and is able to sleep o' nights.

How Great Battles are Won.

However, whenever we hear the name of this young Duke
we are always reminded of the jolly days of the "Merrie
Monarch." The Duke of Alba represents one of the bastards
of our King James II. The child's mother was no other
than Arabella Churchill, the saucy sister of the great Marl-
borough, who by granting her favours to the King during
his sloppy moments, got him to give her brother a chance
in the wars. It is hard to reflect that we owe the great
victories inscribed so proudly upon the colours of some of
our most gallant regiments to the philanderings of a maid-
of-honour with a married King, but the truth cannot be
blinked. Liege, Donauwerth, Blenheim, Ramillies, Ouden-



Candidate for Matrimony: "Are these the only eligible gentlemen you have on your books? Why it's an insult to show them to me!"
Matrimonial Agent: "Well, lidy, I 'ave got others; but they're the only ones as took a real fancy to your photograph, Miss."

at large, or in abstract justice, but is merely a sordid move, an attempt to make the life of the Liberal agent a burden to it. For this enlightenment we owe Belmont much thanks.

and Pianos.

According to recently published statistics there has been an increase in intoxicants, especially beer, and it has also transpired that there has been of late a greatly increased demand for pianos. We should be slow to assert that these two facts are necessarily connected, but their juxtaposition is highly suggestive, to say the least of it. Of course both booms are the result of the increased spending power of the country, but though their origin is the same the spirit of the opulent Britisher to launch out either upon the purchase of alcohol or one of mere noise—or both—is quite different. It seems worth the while of our time to enquire into this mystery of psychology. Does the purchase of a piano by one man drive all his neighbours to buy one? That seems quite plausible. Or does a man only buy a piano when he is inebriated? Does music increase the desire for harmony? That somebody with a thirst for statistics will relieve our curiosity by discovering where all the pianos have gone to, is all the beer has found a resting place. The answer is beyond us.

Hendon Flying Accident.

On the order, issued by the Home Office, prohibiting the navigation of aeroplanes over the area within five miles of Charing Cross. Nobody who reads this regularly can doubt that we have every sympathy for airmen; but the public also has rights, and the danger of even experienced aviators flying over the heads of the crowd—or what remained of the crowd—is not to be overlooked. The moral may very well be pointed by the exploit of Mr. Pickles at Hendon last week. In a daring, reckless mood, produced by the emulation, he executed some aerial pyrotechnics. His corkscrew descent was continued far too

low, and when his engine should have pulled him straight it failed him, and he crashed to the ground on a spot where hundreds of people were congregated half-an-hour earlier. It was the greatest marvel in the world that several unoffending spectators were not killed, as it was. Witnessing the fall from a dozen yards away, we were astounded that everybody managed to get clear. We consider that Mr. Pickles should be very severely reprimanded by the Royal Aero Club, or anybody else who has any authority in the matter. It is all very well to risk the life of a passenger and of himself, but no airman has the right to take huge risks which also jeopardise the life and limb of the outside public. If a fatality had occurred, we do not see how Mr. Pickles could have escaped conviction for manslaughter, for he was transgressing the rules of the aerodrome, and he was also violating the canons of plain common sense.

Reading's Gambling J.P.

Reading has been having a good little joke all to itself during the last few days. Mr G. W. Webb, one of the Great Unpaid, who has in the past rather distinguished himself for his severity to petty gamblers of the pitch-and-toss and street betting type, in a weak moment invested a shilling or two in the St Leger sweepstake promoted by Mr. H. Diamond, of Lucerne. Many a less worthy man, and many a man with greater pretensions to spotless purity of conduct, has had a "little flutter" in his day—and nothing has come of it. Fortunately—or unfortunately—in this case our J.P. drew the winner, and he is now suffering from the publicity brought by the publication of his name and address throughout the land. The Reading papers have been quite ill-natured about the matter; a local newsagent has exhibited a cartoon of the worthy magistrate; and it is even said that a smug and unctuous member of the local council has written to Sir Rufus Isaacs, with the object of having Mr. Webb's name struck off the roll of the Peace. (By the way, Sir Rufus must surely have read a very sarcastic meaning into the letter, after his Marconi experiences). All this has caused quite a sensation in Reading, and incidentally proved a very fine advertisement for the enterprising promoter of the sweepstake.

The Reward of Hypocrisy.

Of course there is no earthly reason why Mr. Webb or anybody else should not invest a shilling in a sweepstake, if he can afford it. There is no sin in it, although there are thousands of smug hypocrites in this tight little island who lift up their eyes to the ceiling and sigh a heartfelt sigh if the mere word "Gambling" is mentioned in a hushed sad undertone. Any one of these thousands would simply jump at the chance of getting £1,000 for a shilling—if he knew he was certain to get it. The gambling spirit is quite ineradicable, and fifty thousand Acts of Parliament will not stop gambling in this land of ours. Indeed the anti-gamblers never really try. All they wish to do is to prevent the "lower orders" from indulging in the habit which is scarcely (in their eyes) even reprehensible when followed by the aristocracy, by rich stockbrokers or cotton merchants, or in the card-rooms of swagger clubs. Anyhow it isn't often these hypocrites are unmasked, as has been the sad experience of Mr. Webb, of Reading. Even in his case, though, the wind has been tempered to the shorn lamb (or to the wolf masquerading in lamb's clothing—whichever way you like to put it) for has he not got the snug little sum of £1,000 put carefully away to his credit in the bank? We imagine a good many of the unco' guid who are now crying shame upon him would welcome the exposure of a round dozen of their private sins for one-half the money. Perhaps, however, Mr. Webb will in future be a trifle less severe upon the little peccadilloes of those who are brought before him in his judicial capacity. It is said that a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind. Let him snap his fingers at his detractors. People will think no worse of him for being human. And £1,000 makes a very grateful and comforting salve to the conscience.

* * *

Why You Get the Wrong Telephone Number.

A learned American professor has been making deeply scientific inquiries into the causes of telephone delays, and we hand in his conclusions to our fellow sufferers in the belief that we are thereby conferring a great boon. It appears that it is not the mechanical contrivances that are to blame; so that Mr. Samuel has been receiving a wealth of abuse which is as much unearned as unsought. For the real cause you must consider the psychological aspects—get down to the human factor. Hello Girls are but human after all, it appears, and "when a young marriageable man speaks over the telephone in a cultivated voice to the lady operator he gets his number at once." That is all very well

for the young marriageable man, but what is to happen to all the old fogeys who would also like to get their number at once, instead of at twice or three times? It may be a matter of sympathy, as the professor further maintains, but if every telephone user starts to make an appointment with his particular lady operator so as to try to find out close quarters whether they are in sympathy—well, the going to be trouble, especially as the Post-office does not regard love-making over the wires as one of the duties of the operator. The only way out of the difficulty seems to be for us all to cultivate young marriageable voices, because, you know, the Hello Girl couldn't tell whether we were marriageable or not. The poor fellow seems to be labouring under the delusion that the married men have nice sympathetic voices, while the poor fellow has hard rasping tones which upset the other way round. Besides, what happens if the Hello Girl herself is married? there are such cases, we believe. In that event a young "marriageable man" wouldn't be much use to her, and the whole charming theory is shipwrecked.

SOCIETY QUERIES.

Whether King Manoel and Queen Augusta will Queen Amelie's designs for the furnishing of Fulwell Palace. And whether the Marquis de Soveral is not to be the Lord Chamberlain of the ex-King's Court?

Whether Gaby Deslys will be appointed Mistress of Robes to the new Queen from Sigmaringen? And whether Gaby will be invited to King George's State Ball as a young ex-King and his Queen?

Whether the King did not summon Mr. Bonar Law to Balmoral in order to give him some very plain hints as to the goings-on in Ulster. And whether His Majesty was very angry at the militarism now being fostered by an ex-Law Officer of the Crown? And whether "Lord Carson" has not been deferred for a few years in consequence of a fashioning of a club since that late lamented peer had not a fact that she was once a typist not a hundred from Mr. Long's office?

Who is the "Peer" who writes novels for Mr. John Galsworthy? And whether the gentleman is really a hack writer? And whether the "Peer" who writes novels for Mr. John Galsworthy is really a hack writer? And whether the "Peer" who writes novels for Mr. John Galsworthy is really a hack writer?

Whether the Prince of Wales is not already having the antlers of the stags he shot in Scotland mounted as an adornment of his room at Magdalen?

Whether it is with her consent that Lady Angela Folkestone's name is dragged into so many "society" pars? And whether it that persists in taking her Ladyship's name in vain? And whether Lady Angela employs the lady to do it?

Whether the Khedive will bring his Austrian countess wife to England on his next visit?

Why Prince Paul of Servia is not likely to return to England, in spite of the friendly way he was received by the English aristocracy? And who was the Earl's daughter whom he wanted to elope with?

Whether it is not a fact that Mr. Andrew Carnegie goes beyond half-a-crown in the way of tips? And whether it is not a real feather in the cap of the Laird of Skibo that he refuses to make things difficult for his poorer tenants? And whether it does not require real moral courage in a well-known multi-millionaire to put a coin into the hand of a West End waiter, which many a commercial traveller would not be strong enough to do?

Whether the amiable Duchess of Beaufort will be done by storm when she married her first husband? And whether "she has been overlooked of late" (tut, tut!) is "a mother and nothing else," and that "it is impossible to believe she is the mother of her two elder sons?" And whether it is a fact that "the Duchess was always a great deal of a mother" (their ages being fifteen and sixteen)?



BOTH AWKWARD.

He: "Wouldn't it be awful if we got caught by the tide?"
She: "It would be worse if we got caught by Pa!"

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

was the gentleman who turned up at a very select dinner party not very long ago in a *borrowed* "order," and didn't seem very embarrassed when an old friend of his father's began asking questions which were somewhat difficult to answer?

* * *

name of the lady who was requested to leave the house by her hostess. Whether she doesn't think the punishment far in excess of the offence. After all, if she came out of her bedroom and enjoy a pleasant little chat in the library when she should have been asleep, that's nothing to make a song about. Besides, who was she to be cat out of the bag? If she only knew!

* * *

is the society lady known to her intimates—and others—well of such a matter—as "The executioner of characters." We

* * *

is said to be original of "Sally" in the novel "The name?" Some would be surprised if they knew.

* * *

is the novelist who always draws real life for his characters, and writes actual experience. Judging from his works "even Solomons" had such a time

* * *

has the member of a fashionable End club been writing since the re- ceases of that lawyer's Does he now hadn't said so about a lady of reachable char- Whether he lick at the idea public apology. he'll have to one. There's no away from it.

* * *

the street was very smart the other night seeing a very female emerge from a theatre, he a friend with "Say, Dick! comes the naked

* * *

a certain Duchess who of her own way for quite a long time is desperate at Grace has now shown her pretty plainly that the thousand a year inclusive, for which generosity she is profoundly thankful.

* * *

it is quite true that F. R. Benson has done no end of work for the stage which has never been recognised. He would be the last man in the world to push himself in light to ask for reward. That a title would in no matter, however.

* * *

the marriage between the middle-aged peer and the flapper will now not be long delayed.

That of two rival society beauties one is weeping copious tears. That to be promised a pearl necklace and then to see it on the neck of your rival must be the depths of humiliation.

* * *

That it was awfully bad luck for the handsome Major to get so muddled as to put his letters into the wrong envelopes and cause such a how-do-you-do as never was. Still accidents do happen!

* * *

That the stockbroker is no end glad that his wayward daughter is really married at last. As he remarked to a friend, "I feel I can breathe!"

* * *

That there is no end of trouble in a very important household not far from London, and what it is all about everybody will soon have the satisfaction of knowing.

* * *

That the number of semi-detached couples in society grows and grows. Can the reason be that nowadays men get so quickly fed up with women and require constant change to keep them alive. An old lady shook her head the other day and properly remarked, "For some reason the whole world seems topsy turvy!" And it does seem a bit that way, we must admit.

* * *

Why did none of the papers make reference to the remarkable scene which took place at the Old Bailey at the conclusion of the big blackmail case when the woman and her son received such heavy sentences.

* * *

Is it not true that the woman in question made a number of extraordinary allegations against a lot of exceedingly well-known persons, ending up by intimating that when her son came out of prison he would see that both they and their alleged misdeeds should be made very public?

* * *

Who is the well-known actor who is citing an equally well-known millionaire, whose millions run well into double figures, as co-respondent in an action for divorce which he is bringing against his wife? And whether, if the case comes into court, it will cause a really big stir even for these days of sensational developments?

* * *

That some of the generals of the Ulster "Army" are already regretting their indiscretion in boldly allying themselves to treason-mongers. That it was understood that their names should not be announced except in case of "eventualities," and that the Army authorities have already decided upon the action they will take—which will touch the mock patriots in their weakest part (next to their heads)—their pockets.



Fashion's inspiration from the Simple Life.

BILLY'S TASTE IN FROCKS.

I knew by his manner, also by the fact of his dropping in late and unexpectedly, that Dick either had news to impart or was seeking information.

"Hallo," I said, glancing at the clock, "I wasn't expecting to see you to-night."

"I really intended seeing if Billy was at home," he replied, "but on the way I changed my mind and came on here instead."

I nodded and waited.

He paved the way with a few general remarks, helped himself to a cigarette and then came to the point:

"I saw Billy in town yesterday—didn't get a chance to speak to him. What the dickens was he doing in the Inner Temple?"

"Legal business," I suggested.

"I feel uneasy about him, he was looking downright haggard and worried. I suppose," ventured Dick, "there hasn't been a death in his family?"

"Worse than that," I said; "as a matter of fact he'd just been up to see Dave at his chambers endeavouring to arrange what sum he shall stump up."

"Stump up!" exclaimed Dick; "for what?"

"Surely you've heard?"

"My dear chap, haven't I been away for a month leading the simple life?"

"True," I agreed. "Well, Billy has got himself into no end of a mess. At the present moment he is in imminent danger of being sued for 'breach,' and he's doing his level best to keep the trouble out of court."

Dick nearly dropped his whisky in astonishment.

"Of course," I continued, "you remember his becoming engaged to Miss Wilson in April last?"

"Yes, lucky beggar!" said Dick, grudgingly; "an exceedingly charming girl, and a lot too good for him."

"There's not the slightest doubt he fell in love with her face."

"And her fortune," grumbled Dick.

"Well, anyhow, they're both handsome, but Dick is such an aesthetic, ultra-artistic crank that I doubt if fortune, domestic virtues, or anything but beauty signifies much with him."

"Don't philosophize," said Dick, impatiently, "let's hear what's happened."

I ignored the interruption. "Matters had been going along gaily until three weeks ago, and then Billy and Miss Wilson happened to be walking in Regent Street. Of course, Miss Wilson would look at the shops, and a discussion naturally ensued on styles in women's dress. Billy says he expressed warm admiration for the present fashion, which is just what one would expect of him; but Miss Wilson, possessing a more conservative taste, disagreed somewhat. I gathered there was a slight 'tiff,' their first, and for two dreary days they didn't meet; on the third day the sun shone again."

"The Effinghursts gave their garden party on the following Wednesday. In the afternoon, Billy went on alone—Miss Wilson was detained in some way, but she arranged to follow with her mother later. In due course they arrived, and just then Billy was chatting with some people below the terrace; he caught sight of them, accompanied by Kitty Effinghurst, just as they reached the top of the steps; there was a slight lull in the conversation in Billy's group when they appeared, and he abruptly hastened to meet them."

"Billy vows he doesn't quite remember what happened for the next few minutes—he assumes it was a few minutes, although at the time it seemed like as many hours. He vaguely recollects manoeuvring Miss Wilson away from her mother and Kitty back into the house and that, somehow, he smuggled her into the deserted drawing-room and shut the door."

"What is the matter with you, Billy?" asked Miss Wilson, taking him by the shoulders and shaking him; "I've never known you act and talk so stupidly; have you been sitting in the sun with your hat off?"

"Oh, I'm all right," said Billy with an effort, "a bit embarrassed, or perhaps I should say frightfully embarrassed," and he tried to laugh, "about you."

"What do you mean?" demanded Miss Wilson, showing temper.

"Well," said Dick, feeling horribly funky, "I hope you'll—er—forgive—you see—Oh hang! Why, oh why, have you got on such a remarkable dress?"

"You horrid wretch," said Miss Wilson, indignantly, "and only last week—here she began to hunt for her handkerchief—only the other day, in Regent Street, you were quite keen on an exactly similar frock."



He (protesting): "As I'm a man, I swear—"
She: "Most men do, I know; but that is no reason why you should."

"Never!" exclaimed Dick; "and yet—Heavens! he paused, for a moment he was nonplussed. But," he continued, cackling mirthlessly, "who would have thought thing would make its wearer look like an X-ray photograph? Don't you know that—that the skirt is transparent and blurted out."

Miss Wilson gave a shriek, blushed frightfully, and quickly recovering, in a majestic tone ordered him to leave the house.

Billy was completely knocked; he felt as if he were the influence of some terrible nightmare; his feelings had been so outraged that he went straight back to his room never so much as apologised."

"Boulder!" snapped Dick; "but I understood from that he broke off the engagement."

"It's rather a delicate point to explain," I said—"see it was all on account of the cobweb frock."

"Yes, but I still fail to understand," said Dick, "aesthetically, why he should break off the engagement."

"To anybody barring a perverted, aesthetic crank like Billy," I explained, "the incident would have ended an awful fact, as he termed it, that had been revealed to him, in this way: When Miss Wilson was standing on the top of the terrace steps the sun was shining strongly on her, and—well, to use his own words, 'Miss Wilson is as bandy as a pair of callipers!'"

"What infernal rot! Go on!" said Dick, grimly.

"His artistic temperament, or whatever the name of the beastly complaint may be," I said, "would not permit him to worship at the shrine of an imperfect goddess, and the same evening he wrote Miss Wilson asking for his freedom."

"What a d—d idiotic cad," said Dick, fiercely, "anybody else know the reason why the engagement was broken off?"

"Not a soul but Billy and our two selves, and I wouldn't tell anyone else for worlds."

Dick thought hard for a few minutes: "I shall tell Billy to-morrow morning," he said, preparing to be the devil to pay."

"but mind, if anything leaks out from either of you, I shall be the devil to pay."

It's a funny old world, and already I'm beginning to see developments.

The Scotchman had lost his wife. His friend came to offer his condolences. "Lord, Sandy," said he, "it's quiet!" Sandy looked up with an eloquent face. "Angus," he replied with feeling, "'tis quiet, but peaceful!"

T. A. M.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

ON THE LINER.

(to husband who feels seasickness coming on): Can you anything, dear?
No; just tell me how to keep what I've got.

(to "Sweet Seventeen"): Flora, my child, you did not permit men to throw kisses to you! It is most sensible.
Ma: I don't, ma! I always throw them back again.

PROOF.

"My hand," said Polly, holding out that exquisite memory, "is a good deal smaller than yours."
"Yes," said Mabel. "I can see that at a glance. That Reginald gave you was always too tight for me."

Ma: John, dear, what would you do if I were to die?
John: Don't speak of it. I should be desperate.
Ma: Do you think you would marry again?
John: Well, no! I don't think I should be as desperate as that.

A GOOD GUESS.

(with newspaper): It says here that a new physical experiment is the "movie eye." What kind of an eye is that?
Ma: One with a film before it, probably.

THE DOG WAS ENOUGH.

Waiter: Hi, waiter, I found this piece of wood in the doghouse!
Waiter: Yes, sir; but I'm sure—er—
Customer: Look here; I don't mind eating a bit of the dog, but I'm hanged if I'm going to tackle the kennel.

Ma: Pah! what does a man know about a woman's clothes?
John: He knows the price, my dear.

MOTHER EXONERATED.

A. de Gree: My stomach's out of order, doctor.
Dr. Shipp: Have you tried home-cooking?
A. de Gree: No, that's not the reason.



THE RADIANCE OF A NOSE.

(to counsel, who has some difficulty in reading a document): "Do you want more light, Mr. Hair-Splitter?"
Counsel (with very red nose): "Yes, your Honor; he does, very much."
Judge (to Judge): "Thank you, your Honor, I do want more light; but I wish you to understand that I object to any reflection from my friend on the right being cast upon me."—*Sydney Bulletin*.



GOOD EVIDENCE.

Angler: "I'm inclined to believe there is good fishing here."
—*Puck*.

CAUSED A FROST

"What caused the coolness between you and that young doctor? I thought you were engaged?"

"His writing is rather illegible. He sent me a note for 1,000 kisses."

"Well?"

"I thought it was a prescription and took it to be filled."
—*Indiana Normal Advance*.

A missionary just returned from Brazil says that he drove back a pack of hungry wolves by singing to them. We know a number of people who keep the wolf from the door by singing. There is a woman in the flat overhead that uses this method. We sometimes wish that wolves weren't so sensitive to melody.—*Judge*.

TWO SORTS OF OPERATIONS.

"I see they have operated on a Philadelphia boy's head, in order to make a better boy of him."

"That isn't where my dad used to operate on me to make a better boy of me."—*Houston Post*.

EXPERIENCE.

"So you claim the world is round," sneered the sceptic. "How do you know that it is not square?"

"Because I have had too many dealings with it," grimly replied Columbus.—*Florida Times-Union*.

IN THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.

A frightfully henpecked Missouri man was summoned to the bedside of his dying spouse. For forty years she had made his life a burden.

"I think I am dying, David," she said. "And before I leave you I want to know if I shall see you in a better land."

"I think not, Nancy," he replied. "Not if I see you first!"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

No, Marjorie, there is a difference between a taxidermist and a taxicabbist. A taxidermist skins animals, and a taxicabbist isn't so particular—he'll skin anybody.—*New York Clipper*.

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW, AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

If Wilhelm isn't quite the downiest bird in Europe at the present time, and if he has caused a certain royal cousin to burn his tongue with Imperial soup to some purpose?

Whether the mill-girl who has just written a novel has done so on the strength of her long practice in yarn spinning?

The truth about the "poisoned lobsters" said to have been served at the luncheon given on the day the German Emperor left the Polish capital.

If Mrs. Glyn, the authoress, is enjoying her "Three Weeks" in Paris?

Whether the Duchess of Westminster has lately taken to driving her own car, and if she does not look particularly well in the purple motor bonnet?

If it would not have been more appropriate for "Girls" to have been "brought out" at the Court Theatre?

Whether Mr. Gatty Sellars, who has just completed a twenty-five months' tour of America, during which he travelled 75,000 miles, and gave 500 organ recitals, has done very well considering the number of "stops" he encountered?

Whether Sir Herbert Tree thought that the "scream" given by Potiphar's wife on having her eyes put out had too disconcerting an effect upon the ladies, and so decided to cut it out?

Whether the new book entitled "The Lodger" has come to stay?

Whether the compositor of a certain daily paper, said to be only three feet high, is one of the small type?

Whether most of the Suffragette "mice" have now taken French leave?

Whether the Bohemian Club "on old-fashioned lines" is in process of incubation? Whether it is to be open to members of both sexes, but that intending subscribers will be expected to "produce ample evidence of position before being elected"?

If Lady Suffolk has been giving a particularly jolly shooting party up at Loch Luichart, and if there is any truth in the report that an exceptionally interesting engagement is likely to be the result?

Whether "washable bank-notes" are really necessary since so many are wiped out every day by the balance-sheets?

Whether the apple fourteen inches in circumference which has just been exhibited, is anything to compare with the one that got round Adam?

Whether the damage recently done by elephants to number of rubber plantations can compare with that done daily by the "bulls" and "bears" on the Stock Exchange?

Whether the Washington man who has been fined for stealing his wife's teeth thought that it was the only way to make her keep her mouth shut?

Why the congregations of certain churches are now invited to smoke, since churchwardens are common at services?

Whether the Melbourne man who was run in for throwing kisses to girls failed to strike a favourable impression?



UNEXPECTED.

George: "Cynthia, rather than remain single, would you marry the biggest fool on earth?"

Cynthia: "Oh, George! This is so sudden!"

That everyone is wondering whether the autumn season will be any more of a success than the one just past. Still, beginning has been none too lively at any rate. Live in hopes.

That Mr. Burdett Coutts thinks of joining the old club. How do these rumours get about?

"Something will have to be done!" declared a flapper the other day. "Men are almost scarcer than money!"

Whether the new and all-important baby will have sponsors after all. It is said that Queen Mary does favour American women. However, we shall see.

According to one or two papers, "very well informed" needless to say, the Queen of Spain will not be able to the coming royal wedding. Really the monotony of businesses must be appalling.

Whether Corelli thought would not be recognised when she entered the library and required whose were in greatest command, and whether served her right the name of a certain authoress and not own was given her?

A certain lady of knowing kind entered a book shop where booky atmosphere very clear. She forward confidently. "Have you an the counter?" inquired sweetly. forthwith the assistant brought out "the banned." "how's it's done, I assure you!"

That there will be another royal wedding before very long. That those who these things will a little breathing That not a few will be more ordinarily surprised.

That extreme ions will not be ated anywhere the Princess Royal a say. That she a mind of her own occasionally has expressed it, the surprise of around her.

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So ago one of the head nurses in hospital was overheard to remark: "Some one will have the courage to write a true book on hospital life, my word, what will everybody be Well, why doesn't she set about the self? Apparently she has all the neces- sary material."

"I was describing another. "She's not Well—she's better than she looks!" "That's something."

Recently several Duchesses have taken themselves into hiding in the vicinity of Roehampton. We remember once hearing of a named "Honeymoon Terrace." that Roehampton is to be known as "The Bore's Retreat."

to can fix the exact identity of the pro- posed woman writer with four grown up and too beautiful daughters whom she has been successful in palming off on to unsuspect- ing husbands. "Really," said one the other husband is so lean and hungry- "Never mind, dear," said her sister "it's not so bad if he has the eye of the enthusiast!" And that is to comfort one another.

"Waists" are to be the vogue again. We have long wondered whether "matrimonial womanhood" will ever come into fashion again.

er else may be said of her, woman is not a silent in the matrimonial firm—and in some cases it is as well, perhaps, that she isn't.

the fathers tell their sons everything?" "Should enlighten their daughters as a matter of duty?" questions have the happy knack of cropping up at intervals. Surely, surely the people to whom seems of such import are utterly unaware of the atmosphere of the life in public schools. After complete so far as theory goes. Parents need not worry, began, they would soon find that the taught knew as much as the teacher.

After a timid woman faces the parson with a man, her of mice and burglars is transferred to dashing widows festive chorus girls.



The Bore: "No, I shall never marry, unless I meet my ideal."
The Lady: "And perhaps not even then. The lady may not have met hers!"

According to rumour, not so very long ago a woman put her arms round her husband's neck and began to coo in his ear, "Darling, do you remember —" when he violently interrupted her with the remark, "Why ever do you insist on calling up such beautiful recollections of my past life. I tell you it quite upsets me. Don't do it!" Ever so many of us feel like that, but we don't say it so forcibly. Fact!

Whether the sheet-metal worker of Harlesden, and his bride, who had to pass through a crowd of fellow-workers on their way from church, considered it in quite good taste that the men had their hats decorated with "nippers"?

Whether the Duchess of Marlborough's capitulation to the Pankhurst was merely another wheeze to annoy the Duke and his people? And whether it was not the Duchess's mother, Mrs. Belmont, who was really responsible, her own suffragettism having failed to raise a dust?

Whether the main cause of the curious attitude of the Duchess and Mrs. Belmont to the folk at Blenheim is not in consequence of young Lord Blandford showing clear signs of eventually taking up his abode exclusively in the Woodstock camp? And whether it is not a fact that the Duke has positively refused his Duchess permission to take their two sons over to America?

Whether for years it has not been Mrs. Belmont's ambition to swank the young Marquis of Blandford and his brother, Lord Ivor Churchill, before the New York "Four Hundred"? And whether the defeat of this ambition has not touched the lady "on the raw!"

And whether Lord Blandford and Lord Ivor have not been warned to be careful never to allow themselves to be kidnapped, and whisked on board an America-bound liner? And what a story the Marlborough split would make if one could only be frank about it?

Whether the death of young Mrs. Seebohm was not very sad and sudden? And whether the sanctimonious Seebohms and Rowntrees (Quakers all) are not now sorry for their occasional uncharitableness to the dead lady, who was "as good as gold," if not quite as strait-laced as her husband's people?



PICCADILLY NUTS AND CRACKERS.

TABLOID TOPICS.

King Edward's Double. Fifty sovereigns have been offered for the face value of one.

It is worthy of note that the Pearl affair came in with the oyster season. People are beginning to get tired of oysters.

"Pains of twenty years' standing removed in a single night" runs an advt. This hustling method is an insult to medical science.

It has been suggested that the modern novel should be illustrated. Some novels we know of don't need any further colouring, anyway.

"Ministers at Golf," says a news headline. We took this for "gospel" until we read further and found that it referred to the Cabinet variety.

Daisies for the Dazed.—One of the tests for drunkenness imposed by the West Ham police doctor is to ask the "patient" to say "Marguerite."

A farmer in Dunmanway, County Cork, who had illicitly distilled whisky in his possession, has been fined £50 for obstructing the police. Nuff said!

The *Star* came out the other day with half its poster printed upside down. For the information, we presume, of the other stars—in the heavens.

The latest Parisian hat creation has, we are told, a velvet ribbon which reminds one of the strap on a policeman's helmet. Another artful dodge to arrest attention.

"Will anyone say how I can get some deep stains from a pair of light brown boots," asks a *Star* housewife. Treading heavily on a cockroach, or even a damson, might do it.

An English court of justice may shortly be called upon to decide, who wrote the words of "The Rosary," says a newspaper. It is certainly quite time the culprit was brought to justice.

An American scientist declared that the Garden of Eden story is untrue, and that women existed hundreds of years before men. If that is so, we should like to know who paid her bills.

The collection of germs removed from King's College Hospital was insured for £2,000. And yet, when the presence of a few are certified on a person that person is refused insurance.

"Women should smoke," says a Pennsylvania medical officer of health, "as a means of stopping the habit in boys and men, because men dislike doing anything that women can do." Kissing, for example.

Apropos of the American golf championship, the *Star* declares: "The moral of the matter is that our young golfers are not producing giants like Ouimet." Give them time, Mr. *Star*!

"I would rather marry a man with nice hair than a man who would be useful in a crisis," says a modern girl in "Interlopers." Well, even nice hair will generally rise to an occasion.

To hard work and a light heart Mrs. Rebecca Law, of Little Chesterford, who has attained her hundredth birthday, attributes her long life. There is not much hope for some of us if that is the natural law.

"People who feel slightly unwell do wrong in seeking seclusion," says one of those "well-known West-End doctors," who exist—in the reporters' room. Quite so! If your tongue's a little dirty, you should go to a fashionable At Home.

An aged couple who were married at Denaby Main, Yorkshire, went to church in a float, says the *Evening News*. A younger pair would probably have had to splice the main brace before embarking so buoyantly upon an adventurous maritime expedition like this.

Harry Lauder's New Rôle—*Evening News* headline. Can it be *spending* money?

A cinema film advt.: "Her dreadful secret. Phew! what an exposure."

A Thames Hopper has dredged up a lot of grass-like weed. A grasshopper, evidently.

"Water girls in form," runs a *Daily News* headline. Some of them take to the water only to drown.

You no longer serenade your best girl with a organ. A motor horn is far more effective nowadays.

A "scientific invention to test liars" is a *Daily News* headline. So the everlasting conflict between science and art is over.

Never strike anybody until you have counted twenty-five? a philosophic fool. But suppose the other man only counted twenty-five?

Ouimet is pronounced wee-met—daily paper. That being so, Vardon and Ray doubtless sum up their defeat in four words—Ouimet—the better man.

"A woman's mind is always bright," says an author. That's a new phase to put before you, cause she's always changing it.

"Bacon-cutting an art," maintains the *Daily News*. Well, who denied it? Everybody admires the man who always manages to save his bacon.

"His rapid rise suddenly came to a stop"—extract from popular magazine. And at about the same time the attendant called "First floor," we suppose.

"The art of love. Girl who made her face alter his face," says the *Daily Sketch*. Most fellows alter their face immediately after the altar has been faced.

"Rebels blow up a train," shrieks the *Evening Standard*. We have sometimes blown up the guard, but never tempted so ambitious a feat as those rebels.

It is not generally known that *denying* is an official weekly. Neither a borrower nor a lender be.

A defendant at Acton declared that he was as sound as an acorn. Well, most men who are as sound as an acorn imagine there is something in the nature of hoax in the matter.

"An Aerial Cork"—*Globe* headline. We have more than once come across a cork which has a penchant for taking flights in the free air. It generally wastes a lot of good liquor before it's finished.

The suffragettes have burnt a large house near Liverpool which was undergoing reconstruction as a home for imbeciles. As a gentle hint that they are still at liberty and intend to remain so, no doubt.

Judge Carter, of U.S.A., declares that the telephone is helping to break down morality. We don't know about that, but we are positive it needs no help when it is a question of breaking down a good man's patience.

A police-court case, in which a father was expected to punish his erring child "with the greatest of pleasure" is headed by the *Evening Standard*. "A Labour of Love." We should have called it a belabour of love.

"The aviators, or some of them, are expected to complete the journey of nearly a hundred miles between a quarter and half-past five."—*Evening Standard*. "Special." Phew! 400 miles an hour! How aviation is progressing!

Mrs. Minnie Happy, of Washington, is suing for a divorce because her husband threw knives at her, threw her through a plate-glass window, and chased her with a motor. Evidently, she has not correctly solved the problem how to be happy though married.



CUPID'S MESSENGER.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The average woman would rather admit that she is wrong than that a man is right.

Play is merely work that you don't have to do.

The Lord loves a cheerful giver, and everybody loves a cheerful loser.

Money is the root of all evil—and many a family tree sprang therefrom.

You can't convince the mother of a first baby that all men are born equal.

Love may laugh at locksmiths when the milliners and the dressmakers don't get even a pleasant look.

He got in it when he attempts to stand

up his mind to get married all he

is a young widow that lightning won't

who can make a mirror lie to her face.

necessarily a magician because he makes a

the most difficult disease doctors have to

IN STAGELAND.

I think that all that was wrong with "Girls," which collapsed at the Prince of Wales Theatre after its seventh presentation, was insufficient advertisement. It was produced almost with reticence. The play is quite desirably clever, and Mr. de Courville knows very well indeed that its success was certain if Möss's Empires could have waited until the flux of new plays on the theatrical market this last week or so had faded out or settled down.

Like Charlie Hawtrey, however, this particular management "Never Say Die!" They have a new musical play by Leoncavallo, book by A. P. de Courville, in active rehearsal for production after "The Fugitive," a melancholy little drama from the Court, has had a short run. This new musical comedy will be called "Are You There?"—apparently the usual concession to revue in operation again.

Pavlova will give two splendid matinees at the London Opera House on Monday and Tuesday, October 6th and 7th. Mons. Novikoff and four others will appear with her. These matinees will be almost gala performances, as, in addition to her next visit being so far ahead as 1915 owing to an American and Canadian tour, the London Opera House is the one theatre in London where Mme. Pavlova would probably have created an even more astonishing sensation had she appeared there this year instead of at the Palace.

The new Edwardes musical comedy in active rehearsal for the Adelphi, but as yet unnamed, is going on very nicely, thank you! Mr. Malone, after settling up "The Quaker Girl" for America, brought back with him a beautiful new American star to play in this production. No nasal ragtimer of the type which, alas, has long ceased to be a novelty with us, but a lovely little lady of all-English desirability with just enough of American characteristics to give her originality. No! the name is not yet for publication.

The male lead is also comparatively new and comprises an entirely welcome departure. Do you remember a wonderful young baritone of easy, graceful appearance conducting a melange of popular ballads in a purple set accompanied by a lady at the Palladium and suburban circuit? His name is De Manby, and he will show us a new vocalist-actor on the lines familiarized to us by Robert Michaelis and Bertram Wallis. I believe there is a little extra quality here, so apparently does Mr. Geo. Edwardes.

By the time this number is published the Shaftesbury will have re-opened with "The Pearl Girl," with Harry Welchman, Alfred Lester and Miss Iris Hoey. The *Referee* tells us that Mr. Cicely Courtneidge will also appear. I hope he will enjoy her part!

The remarks made above about insufficient advertisement certainly do not apply to Mr. Robert Courtneidge. In the preliminary booming of "The Pearl Girl" he seems to have struck out in quite a new line in theatrical advertisement, though I cannot say I really admire the outline head of a lady in various poses which has been adorning the columns of the daily press. At any rate the lady who takes the title-rôle can scarcely feel flattered, if it is supposed to represent her.

Miss Lydia Kyasht, the Russian ballet prima at the Empire this week, and the Empire is also feeling much better. "The Gay Lothario," also, is not over-emphatically joyful in itself, arrived just in time. "All the Winners" had begun to pall obviously. Unity More tells us that "Nobody Wears a Nightie" with pyjama chorus. The new Irish comedian, Mr. Glenville, is an unqualified success and will be made more of before the revue is far on its way.

Miss Mabel Manson, the New Zealand soprano, of those rare instances of a concert-platform vocalist successfully carved a niche for herself on the variety stage. The almost inevitable rule is a general slump in opinion on the part of both artist and public after former's first week's appearance. This is accounted for by the failure of the vocalist to "sing down to her level." That is to say, she is not in the same class as the other vocalists.



Actor: "When I played 'Macbeth,' old man, the house fairly rocked."

Friend: "My dear boy, you must limit yourself to three."

the negro champion in "Jack Johnson vs. Paris." This film is a comedy-drama which loses the championship, bunny-hugs with (is some dancer) and knocks out four ruffians—the heavy-weight champion of Europe, also to the film.

British manufacturers are scoring all along the line. We had "East Lynne"—all British. Then came "The Battle of Waterloo"—ditto. Now we have "The Temperley," by Sir A. Conan Doyle. "The Herby" was originally produced as a stage advantage is taken of the possibilities of the outdoor motion scenes almost impossible to reproduce in the pictures of the garden and the drive to the very beautiful examples of photography.

Regular patrons of the "Flickergraph" will welcome the return of "Lieutenant Daring." His latest exploit is the "Mystery of Room 41," and the film contains the hottest "scrap" ever screened.

The Aquila Cinematograph Company has taken upon itself a stupendous task, viz., the filming of the Bible, divided into six parts, the first one of which is completed.



No. 22.

COMTESSE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

whether the daughters of a house were otherwise. But the young King's summons was, not everywhere received with cordiality. Macrupulous men who had something to gain, and gained it by the sacrifice of the holiest principles, rushed their good-looking daughters to the Court with alacrity. But there were a few of the high France who were not of this kidney. Amongst the Comte de Chateaubriand, a man of indubitable and had fallen in love with one of the loveliest belles and had married her. The Comtesse de Chateaubriand was her husband's equal in rank, being a daughter of the royal family of Foix. At fourteen the Comte de Foix had taken Françoise de Foix from her father's own stronghold, installed her as chatelaine, and guarded both her honour and her happiness for ten years. The Comtesse had learned to love her husband sincerely; she desired to change their lot, and in the management of their extensive properties, and in hunting and other sports, they derived the maximum of enjoyment from

be said, therefore, that the summons from not one which would be likely to bring any the Comte de Chateaubriand, for, beautiful even as a child, as a woman of twenty- her breast, she was dreamlike in her as was the Comte de Chateaubriand from was not so remote as not to be aware that the where already a graceless libertine, with little summons in his pocket, and told his wife that make it necessary for him to leave at once for French Court then was

French Court then was before, and after many pathetic passages leave of each other, the Comte finally imparted to his wife, which she promised to obey, The Comte then produced two iron bands he had made, and gave one to his wife. The Comte of Chateaubriand on receipt of this second ring received the duplicate ring from her husband, and

to see Madame de Chateaubriand. The *Sieur de Chateaubriand* arrived at Am- welcomed by King Francis, who expressed much the Comtesse had not accompanied her lord. "We

At last the King, whose disappointment only made his appetite for the unknown lady the keener, began to suspect that the letter-writing of the Comte de Chateaubriand was "a blind!" His Majesty soon took steps to ascertain the facts. By bribing the Comte's only confidant, an old servant who accompanied him to Chambord, he learnt the story of the ring, and quickly secured the duplicate from beneath the Comte's pillow. Another ring was at once made; a forged letter from the Comte to his wife again asking her to come to Chambord was sent, and in a few weeks the lovely young Comtesse appeared before the King, who fell a hopeless slave to her charms at his first glance at her. Within a week she was his, body and soul!

Such is the true story of how Françoise de Chateaubriand became the mistress of Francis of France. Little need be said of the Comte. He never believed that his servant had betrayed him, and attributed his wife's coming to her determination to be the pet of a Royal Court. For the Comte de Chateaubriand it must be said he was a gentleman. For some weeks the Comtesse was able to conceal from her husband that her virtue had succumbed to the gallantry of the King; but as soon as the Comte was sure that his dishonour had been accomplished, he shook the dust of Royalty from off his feet, and returned to brood in his musty castle in Brittany. Others who had been subjected to a like indignity might haunt the salons of Royalty, and sweep the earth with their plumed hats before the spoilers of their homes, but the Comte de Chateaubriand was not of that kidney. He could suffer, but he could never stoop to kiss the hand that smote him!

Henceforth Francoise de Chateaubriand seemed the guiding star of the young French King's existence. His love for her was real. He smothered her in gems, gave her every prerogative which a Royal lady could enjoy, with a crowd of ladies to wait upon her, and every luxury that the mind could desire. He saw to it that she was received with affection as well as toleration by his relations. The King's wife, poor little Queen Claude, was really kind to the Comtesse, for she knew hers was a Royal marriage, with no pretensions to love in it; the King's mother made an immense fuss of the Comtesse; his sister, Margaret d'Angouleme, never seemed tired of working for the comfort and happiness of the lady from Brittany, while the King himself designed the Comtesse's bedroom, which was to be as near an approach to Heaven as this world could make it.

For years Madame de Chateaubriand maintained her triumph over King Francis without an effort. Her word was to him a command; and she was Queen of France in all but name. Whether the lady was ever in love with the King we do not know. It is certain, however, that while she thoroughly enjoyed the homage of the King, she took care to provide herself with a lover after her own heart, in the person of the genial Bonnivet, Amiral de France. Bonnivet had previously been the lover of the King's sister.

The Parting of the Ways.

The long reign of Madame de Chateaubriand in the Court of France need not be detailed. For many years she was the King's close friend and confidante, and they were never parted. But the break came at last. The Comte de Chateaubriand had long mourned his lonely condition in Brittany and yearned for vengeance upon the woman who had betrayed him. And of revenge he was to have his fill! Time did for him what no plottings of his own could have done. The King, always more or less at war, at last found himself a prisoner in the Alcazar of Spain, and at the mercy of the Emperor Charles. For long France mourned its lost monarch, but, in the meantime, Madame de Chateaubriand's position was left secure. The only difference was that she now had enemies who, in the absence of the King, were not afraid to appear in the daylight. One of them was the King's mother, the Duchesse d'Angouleme, and she had determined that should her son ever return to his throne, the day of the Comtesse de Chateaubriand should come to an end.

This was obviously not an easy result to bring about, but the Duchesse d'Angouleme did it. Foreseeing that the country would never tolerate its King being retained as a prisoner in Spain in perpetuity, the Duchesse d'Angouleme took steps to secure the downfall of Madame de Chateaubriand. She made enquiries as to the whereabouts of the most beautiful girl in France, and found her in the daughter of the Seigneur of Heilly, Guillaume de Pisseleu. The Duchesse d'Angouleme at once sent for her; made her a maid-of-honour; and carefully educated her for the part she was to play when her son, the King, should regain his freedom.

King Francis Returns to His Country.

This event was eventually accomplished, though Francis entered into a shameful betrayal of his country's interests in order to gain it. However, King Francis once again put foot on the soil of France; and, being always a stickler for ceremonial punctiliousness, his reception by his Court was a grand affair. It took place at Mont de Marsan. All his relations were present, and the dais in the centre of the gathering was occupied by the Duchesse d'Angouleme, ready to receive her son and welcome him back to France. Amongst the crowd of nobles and fine ladies none were more resplendent than the King's old-time love, the Comtesse de Chateaubriand, still fair and beautiful, but no longer a gentle flower with downcast looks and maiden blushes! Calmly she awaited the coming of her Lord, ready, as of old, to receive his ardent embrace, and to listen to the words of undying love which of yore he so often poured into her ear!

The Plot of the King's Mother Succeeds.

At last the "clarion note" was heard; and, with a sweeping bow, the released King came into the enclosure. Cheers rent the azure, hats were waved, swords flashed in the air, the trumpets sounded, and the dogs barked, what time King Francis, pale and worn with his fatigues, but with a heart still young, embraced his mother and sister, and then looked round for another. Rapidly the blood mounted to the cheek of the Comtesse de Chateaubriand; already she felt impelled to throw herself into the poor King's arms, where she had so often nestled in happier days; and, with her heart beating violently, she awaited the instant that he would catch sight of her, and rush to fold her to his breast in sight of all, as he had so often done before. Having saluted the Duchesse d'Angouleme, the King raised himself to his full height, and as he did so his eye fell full upon Anne de Pisseleu, standing demurely behind his mother's chair. Immediately the whole attention of the King was arrested by her singular loveliness.

Then the King took his seat, and awaited the presentation of the new dignitaries. One by one Madame de Brancas presented these ladies and gentlemen to His Majesty; and at last she led up to the dais Anne de Pisseleu, in a robe of crimson damask, richly embroidered in gold, "which fell about her in folds which might have draped a Grecian statue." Her dark hair was braided with pearls, and her neck and arms were adorned with the same costly gems. With dignified and modest grace Anne de Pisseleu knelt before the King, who was graciousness personified. "Be careful of your health, Mademoiselle," he said, "it is too precious to be neglected. The Court of Madame can ill afford to lose its brightest ornament!" Upon which incident the former favourite, the Comtesse de Chateaubriand, exclaimed "I am undone!" and her eyes filled with tears. The King had not even deigned to look around for her presence in the gathering!

The Awful Fate of the Discarded Favourite.

All this time, it may be mentioned, the treaty of marriage between the King and Princess Mary of England was going on. Anne de Pisseleu at once became the new favourite of the King, and though His Majesty still allowed Madame de Chateaubriand to remain at Court, the bond between them was broken for ever. Ere long the unhappy Comtesse was compelled by her husband

to return to their lonely castle in Brittany, where he spent the rest of his days in heaping insult and contempt upon his wife, though whether he starved or beat her to death has never decided. She certainly suffered a horrible story going that she was shut up for weeks in a chamber with black and a skull and cross-bones. But before she received one letter from King Francis. It was a letter so that they might be worn by the new favourite, adding injury to insult if you like, and the spirit of beauty revolted against it. One by one she took jewels from her casket, and tore them into fragments, even the small plates of gold upon which the King had his tenderest endearments. Then she had them reduced to the molting gold. Gathering together the ingots in the Comtesse sent them back to the King with this message: "As every word they have borne is engraved upon them, I can well spare them, but no one else shall enjoy the jewels which were intended solely for me!"

Next Week:

THE STORY OF THE DUCHESSE DE POLIGNY
FRIEND OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

WAR On High Prices for TEETH

Well-known London Firm decide
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Here is the new scale of charges drawn up by
the Directors for the benefit of the Public

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but cannot afford to pay the excessive prices hitherto
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Write to-day for valuable book, "Good Teeth for All"
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MODERN SPORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

the excitement over golf run so high as during the weeks. Ray, Vardon and Reid went to America to the championship of the States from all and sundry of the professors and amateurs. They did all they were able to do in beating the best of the professionals with relative ease, but in Francis Ouimet, a twenty-year-old amateur, they found more than their match.

It is like a romance out of the world of sport, this jump to fame of a young and comparatively unknown player, what time the McDermotts the Smiths, and other famous Americans failed. And Ouimet won well, as an analysis of his play in the qualifying competition and in the supreme test will show. In all he played seven rounds of the Brookline, Mass., course.

I am one of those who object to the significance often given to figures in sport, but sometimes, as in this case, they may be made to speak volumes. In the case of a young golfer like Ouimet, one might expect a brilliant round or two to be forthcoming, after his form in the amateur championship. With these not so much surprise would have been felt at his equalling

But as a matter of fact the surprise by Ouimet in the whole seven rounds that he was up against all that the two most famous professionals; and this with all due deference to J. H. Taylor, the present open champion. He has been expected to display nervousness before the "gallery" as followed the play, when he made—and they were practically all agreed to the echo. But no; he plodded along leaf mute at a wet funeral, and I fancy that Ray, the master hands at the game, excited parties in that memorable eighteen

VARDON AND RAY.

Ray and Vardon were the first to congratulate Ouimet, and is said to have declared him the greatest golfer met. There could be no bitterness in such a real sportsman, apart from the disappointment when it seemed practically within their

figures, which had again slipped away from set out and deductions drawn from them are as follows:—

	Ouimet.	Vardon.	Ray.
.....	74-78	75-76	74-74
.....	77-78	75-77	77-77
.....	74-79	78-79	76-79
.....	72	77	78
.....	528	532	530
* ..	75.42	76.00	75.71
* ..	*	*	*

as four strokes lower than Vardon, and has, of course, best average, and Vardon yet Ray's 70 was the lowest round round was only 2.58 strokes better Vardon's best round was four strokes

better than his average; Ray's best round was 5.71 strokes better than his average.

Then Ouimet's worst round was 3.58 strokes more than his average; Vardon's three strokes, and Ray's 3.29. Ouimet's worst round was seven strokes worse than his best; Vardon's seven, and Ray's nine. On everything that analysis can show Ouimet deserved his victory, and as true Britishers we will praise him as ungrudgingly as did Vardon and Ray. Good luck in the future to Ouimet, who appears to have borne himself in manly fashion when even pretty women were tearing out one another's back hair to get a kiss. Vardon and Ray must have envied him his good fortune. The expression "half his luck," which is so often sent up as an aspiration by envious Cockneys, if used by them, need not have referred to his play at all.

Some of us in England want to know what particular phase of British politics prompted the row between Wilfrid Reid and Ted Ray on the second evening of the meeting, and whether the American reports describing the pair as coming to blows were not the imaginings of American pressmen, who probably had their legs pulled by a practical joker. Fancy Ray and Reid getting so hot on the land tax that Ray should have so far forgotten himself as to strike the little Banstead Downs man. If he had whipped McDermott like a naughty boy it would have served him jolly well right. But the other story is too laughable to be taken seriously.

THE £400 TOURNAMENT.

Somebody is going to be called over the coals concerning the draw for the Southern Section of the £400 Foursome Tournament, promoted by the *News of the World*. It would appear that when the draw was made the names of the fourteen international players who had entered were drawn separately, seven being allotted to Burhill, and seven to Bramshot. The draw then proceeded in the usual way. J. H. Taylor, Braid, George Duncan, and others, protested about the matter before the competition started. There is little likelihood of the contest being replayed, but some nasty things will be said before it is done with.

By the way, who was the professor at one of the qualifying meetings who excitedly ran across the green when one of the competitors, Tom Ball, was about to take his last putt, a rather difficult five-foot one too, and cried, "You want it to qualify." The putt went down, but the remark was not calculated to make a man steadier.



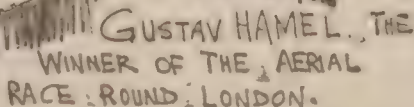
Bob Crompton
THE CAPTAIN OF
BLACKBURN ROVERS
WHO LOOK LIKE
BEING THE TEAM
OF THE YEAR.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

With the advent of October Rugger men will have laid aside their bats and rackets, or have given golf up—except on Sundays—for the winter months. Saturday afternoons will be devoted to the more thrilling pleasures of footer.

There is to be a determined attempt to revive the glories of the Richmond Club, which has fallen upon evil days, if the results of matches can be taken into consideration. Mr. Temple Gurdon says that the club has forty new playing members, and hopes to find a few good ones out of this

What a side Cambridge look like having the year! They have no fewer than fifteen old blues to call upon. H. W. Thomas, the Welsh international stand-off half, has gone down, and will not be eligible, but to take his place the Carabbs have a freshman of merit, another Welsh inter-



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TWELVE ARTICLES, including

DEPT., 107, QUEEN'S ROAD, BRIGHTON.

Blackburn Rovers continue the even tenor
at the top of the First League table with, at the
writing, all their matches won. Yet in spite
they are, I believe, still on the look out for a centre-
price no object, to lead their quintette of scintillat-
attackers. And yet they scored six goals again-
borough a week ago, and Chapman, of West H
scored three of them. Shea, when
notched the other trio. He loves a bit of
is always on the look out for someone
National Sporting Club. He loves a bit of
better than football even.

is always on the look out for a better National Sporting Club. He loves a better than football even.

YOUR WILL-POWER

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London, E.C.

London, who parted with Jock Walker, their international back, to Middlesbrough, and Lamb to Millwall, have difficulty in filling the places of these stalwarts, and moment of writing share with Blackburn Rovers the of being the only clubs to have actually won all matches.

THE AERIAL DERBY WINNER.

Ray Hamel, in winning the Aerial Derby around London, has but added another to many previous trophies. English as Scandinavian origin will be, in spite of the fact that he was flying a 30 h.p. Gnome Morane Saulnier. Hamel in the first race round London for the *Daily* cup, and has gone one better this time. He flew in the aerial post from Hendon to Windsor, first airman to cross the Channel with a lady Miss Trechawke Davis.

BOXING.

He expected Willie Ritchie is full of excuses for from Freddy Welsh at Vancouver last Monday forfeiting his claim to the world's lightweight championship. There must be something in the of the Welsh wizard which has kept these great lightweights from meeting him. It has always been the same. Battling Nelson, Ad. Wolgast, and now have all professed willingness to meet the Welshman but none have toed the mark. Ritchie did indeed do he became American champion, and doubtless, says, the haunting memories of that thrashing still with him.

Moran has beaten the great Al. Palzer, and now to play Gunboat Smith, the present American white champion. That's all right, and it should be a good thing for Naval man if Moran has not improved out of all since he was here. Quite another matter was to match Gunboat Smith against Sam Langford for "Barney" as a man is one of the most decent in the world. All the same the authorities in New York have been in doing what public opinion did here about the match between Bombardier Wells and Jack Johnson. It is silly to call them boxing matches. It is bloody fights, and everyone of them does. The Burns-Johnson and Johnson-Johnson were racial matches. In the old days first, Peter Jackson, one of the cleverest ever lived, was never allowed to box for the color and he was as white as his black skin would "THE CHIEF AMANG YE."

OUR CODY FUND.

SHILLINGS WANTED FOR COL. CODY'S WIDOW

Cody with that of the Joint Committee of the Aerial Fund is not meeting with the response which it far as we can estimate, there are two reasons for this place, on the part of the public.

First, it is declared that Colonel Cody was an American and that the whole of his researches and art of flying were made on British soil. It is the benefit, and it is the British nation that has to relieve the widow of the man whose life and service.

Second, the purse-strings remain drawn is that we then to allow Mrs. Cody to starve? Many all hospitals should be State-provided, but that in to these deserving institutions. Even if to sign a pension or a gratuity to Mrs. Cody, to be sufficient to maintain her in moderate no indications that the Government intend to do this.

But don't wait for a list. Send your More if you can spare it. Even less will not

"Modern Life" Is. Cody Fund.

Mr. H. Diamond, of Lucerne, Switzerland, makes To every shilling sent in he will add another one—we ask you for is really £500, not £1,000. Furthermore, subscribed £100 (2,000 shillings), so as to give the fund

will be acknowledged in the columns of *Modern Life*, of September, and we would be pleased to send to those who give

to the Manager of *Modern Life*, Farringdon Road, E.C.

be crossed "Cody Fund" on the outside, and cheques SUBSCRIPTIONS ALREADY RECEIVED.

Previously acknowledged, 2,202. Detailed list will appear in our next issue.

BE ABOVE THE ORDINARY MAN

If you were head and shoulders above your competitors in a literal sense, you would be head and shoulders above them in your business prospects as well.

The rise in salary which you have been waiting for so long would be yours. The big man commands attention and respect, and gets what he wants.

My system will increase your height by from two to three inches, as it has done for so many others. Definite proof of this will be found below. Why not let me increase your height, and add to your appearance of your figure pearance of your figure as well.



Convincing Letters from Students.

Miss E. L. (Muswell Hill) writes: "I now write to thank you for the benefit I have received both in health and height from your system. I have gained three inches in height."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes:—"I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your system I have added approximately three inches to my height."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4ft. 9ins., but it is now 5ft., an increase of 2ins., which I think is very good."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2 1/2 inches."

W. B. E. (Johannesburg) writes: "I must say the improvements have been wonderful. In fact, several of my friends have remarked the splendid carriage I have, and I have never really felt fatter in my life."

Do not put off any longer, but write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for further particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the Increase of Height,

Dept. M., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The new account just opened is a nineteen-days one, which is never to the liking of the Stock Exchange, and with so little business knocking about I am afraid we are in for a weary three weeks.

It seems really impossible to talk of improving prices, although everything is at such a low ebb it only requires a little buying to quickly put prices better.

But this buying does not come along. The public seem determined to leave markets severely alone, presumably feeling that with so much labour trouble knocking about there is very little likelihood of more settled conditions and better prices, and perhaps they are right.

I have had several letters from readers who are getting thoroughly scared of their holdings in Rubber Companies, and I propose dealing at length with the subject next week. In the meantime my advice to all is to get rid of their rubber holdings right away, as there is no earthly chance of our seeing better prices for a very long time to come.

There will be spasmodic fluctuations only, caused through professional dealers on the bull or bear tack, according to the rise or fall in the raw material at auction sales by a halfpenny or so per pound.

Oil is the only market where I can see any earthly possibility of serious business doing.

Another good sign in this direction is the fact that the issue of 100,000 shares of 10s. each at par by the New Caucasian Oil Fields, the latest Grosney Oil venture, has been largely over-subscribed.

Active dealing has taken place in the shares at 9d. to 1s. premium.

It is probable that the directors of the Oklahoma Oil Company will commence their dividends for the new financial year with 1s. per share distribution next month. For the year 1912-13 three dividends of 6d. were paid in September, March and June respectively.

The best speculation in the Oil market at the present time is the Premier Oil and Pipe Line.

Here you have a company that has paid a 10 per cent. dividend for years on its £1 Ordinary Shares, although 5 per cent. only has been paid for the current year owing to some £200,000 of its profits being placed to depreciation and for use for further development of the property.

The £1 shares now stand at 9s. each, and with a 5 per cent. dividend show a yield of just over 10 per cent.; and it is quite possible with the rich oil fields that this Company owns we shall see them again paying the usual 10 per cent.

From an investment point of view you cannot do better than put your money into Shell Transport, Spies Petroleum, Mexican Eagle, or Burmahs, but the latter are not to be confounded with British Burmah Petroleum, which is a very different business.

The Santa Maria of California £1 Ordinary Shares for special settlement have been heavily dealt in in the last two or three weeks, but I do not advise my readers to buy them.

Canadian Pacifics after having touched \$241 have fallen back at the time of writing to \$238, and those who purchased lower down should realise now.

Readers who purchased Union Pacifics and Eries on my advice a week or two ago should now secure the very handsome profits obtainable. Union Pacifics have risen 10 points in the last account.

The Rock Island position is again the subject of considerable discussion and the stock has fallen again despite the authoritative statement that there was no danger of a Receivership. All the same, I say, leave this stock severely alone.

Readers will no doubt remember my drawing attention to Brazil Traction three or four weeks ago. The stock stood at \$87. Now the price is 98½. Profit here.

Paris is still troubled over the Balkan question, and nothing from this quarter sufficed to upset the apple cart in the Kaffir Circus. This market is very stale and unprofitable to the speculator, and I should imagine outsiders are well fed up with mines for some time to come.

There may be better opportunities among Shares. Chartered's hold their price well, and Land and Mineral should prove a good lock. The present price of the 5s. shares is 3s. 9d.

The report quoted below is just to hand from the Central Gold Mining Company, Limited.

"Manager, under date August 30th, Alexandra: While trenching for a new shaft have struck a large body of ore, estimated at panning 10z. Intend sinking on this, and still panning well."

The following is my selection for this week.

GILT EDGED SECURITIES

Bank of England Stock at 237 yields 10d. per cent.

India Government 3 per cent. Stock at 104½ yields 3½ per cent.

Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway 3 per cent. Stock at 76½ yields £3 18s. 9d. per cent.

New Zealand Government 4 per cent. Stock at 104½ yields £4 per cent.

I shall be pleased to forward the name of any member of the Stock Exchange to any reader who wishes to buy or sell shares.

As space does not permit for this week I am replying to all applications for a BRIEF REPLY. THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE

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MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

Gramophone: 20-guinea handsome, hand-made cabinet, height 4ft., record cupboard on four wheels; purchased April: £100.00. Willing to sell. 3, Aubert Park, Hammersmith, London, W. All Wool, hand-made Gent's wear. Rix, Bungalow, Hemel Hempstead, Herts. His, her, or your Character told: detail; send signature, photo, and name to P. Gaveston, 10, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. Ladies' Busts enlarged by Lung. 2,000, "Modern Life." 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

In addition to Lomond, several promising young stallions, Lycaon, Declare, Double Thrush and Marajax, will enter for their first season. Lomond and Lycaon have a full stallion over to Flying Fox—Airs and Graces, therefore own His yearlings and foals are well spoken of.

The French Government have purchased the Persimmon from Mr. Fairie, and the horse has already gone to the National Stud Farm at Pau.

A box du Conseil Municipal, run at Paris on October Sure, and he will leave Newmarket some four or five previously. Bachelor's Wedding may also be started.

of the Cesarewitch, in which race he will be ridden by Cavalry, Herbert. In the same race McKenna is spoken of as the rider of Charlton. Augur, who has given an easy time of it recently, but is all right the beginning of the Nursery season quite a number

successful, the following being amongst those who have been carrying the heaviest impost in their respective when carrying the heaviest impost in their respective Himalaya, at Derby; Dublin Prawn, at Folkestone; Vein, at Manchester; Happy Warrior, at Doncaster; at Warwick; Bellechase and Llangenor, at the Renaissance filly, at Ayr; and the Lady Stag, at Leicester. Last Tuesday at the last-named in the juvenile races, succeeded in getting home. Newmarket, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and

Friday; Lanark, Tuesday and Wednesday; Edinburgh, Thursday and Friday; Lingfield Park winding up the week on Saturday. In addition to the foregoing flat-race meetings the following fixtures are down for decision under N.H. rules: Wye, Monday; Wolverhampton, Tuesday and Wednesday; and Southwell on Thursday.

Several important events are due to be decided this week. The principal handicap is the Great Eastern Railway Handicap, run on Wednesday. A capital race should be witnessed, as the entrants are of good class. Hornet's Beauty is set to shoulder top-weight, 9st. 12lb., and for his neck victory over Diadumenos at Doncaster, Sir Wm. Cooke's horse has to allow Sir E. Vincent's colt 2lb., which should not turn the tables. In the same race Harmonicon finished fourth and is allowed 7lb and 5lb. from Hornet's Beauty and Diadumenos respectively. With these pulls in the weights Harmonicon should prove very dangerous, but Mr Whitney can also be represented by Meeting House and Borrow. Whichever is started for Joyner's stable should not be left entirely out of calculations. Great Surprise has not been seen in public since dead-heating at Haydock in July, and I shall pass him over on this occasion, a remark which also applies to J. Cannon's pair, Mercutio and Sir Martin. Mr. J. B. Joel has a couple entered in White Star and Radiant. The former is fulfilling some of his early promise and I prefer him to his stable companion, although it must not be forgotten that Radiant was backed to beat Young Pegasus at Kempton in August. Waiontha has not run since June, and I prefer others. Quantock is very speedy, although a trifle unruly at the post. At Hurst Park in August Mr. Tater's candidate defeated Mediator and Borrow in a smart field. For the beating Mediator is allowed 6lb. and Borrow 7lb. from Quantock, but I do not expect to see the positions altered providing the last mentioned gets away on level terms with his field. Wrack is a disappointing sort and Moscato has not been seen out this year. Buckstead was unplaced at Leicester, and of the remainder I prefer Percival Keene who finished second to Apprentice at York in August. For the probable winner I shall go for

QUANTOCK.

My other selections are:

LEGER RESULT.

1. Night Hawk, 2. White Magic, 3. Seremond

£1,000—G. W. WEBB, Architect,
Market Place Chambers, Reading.

£200—T. SANDALLS, The School
Lane, Cookham Dean, Berks.

£100—B. MARCHAM,
80, Westfield Road, Caversham.



Another result



The result of the big race

The following drew Starters, and each receives £10 and a Gold Watch.

ARDA	Wm. McCarthy, 12, English Grounds, Tooley Street, E.C.
CURRAGH	Walker Botham, Tibthorpe, Driffild, E. Yorks.
AGHDOE	L. A. Pilgrim, 31, Plympton Road, Brondesbury, N.W.
ROSEWORTHY	Thos. Rose, 44, St. John Street, Winchester, Hants.
BIRLINGHAM	Geo. Joint, Blackadon, Near Ivybridge, S. Devon.
TABLETT	Alf. Ashton, 78, Queen Street, Nanty Glo., Mon.
BACHELOR'S WEDDING	A. Lansdowne, 165, Hill Lane, Southampton.
LOUVOIS	Arthur Ebert, 17, Tarrant Street, Queen's Park, W.
JAMESON	Mrs. E. Bridger, 30, Dartmouth Road, Brondesbury, N.W.

3,200 subscribers drew non-starters and each receives a gold watch. Also, 3,200 consolation prizes value £2,600.

"We Bull" said February 1st:—
"We have many times expressed satisfaction with Mr. H. Diamond's methods, and can assure our readers that from now on each sweep promoted by him is absolutely square and above-board."

"Modern Life" said August 9th:—

"Mr. H. Diamond's drawings are all absolutely fair and straightforward. We are convinced that he is straight and honest."

H. DIAMOND

UCERNE, SWITZERLAND

Letter Postage 2½. Post Cards 1

BIRMINGHAM—Monday.

Guernsey Handicap: Menedarva.
Burton Nursery: Tip Top.

NEWMARKET—Tuesday.

First Nursery: White Slave.

Wednesday.

A Plate: Argentino.
Hopeful Stakes: Glorvina.

Thursday.

Selling Plate: Knight of Glin.
Thursday Nursery: Peter the Hermit.
Jockey Club Stakes: Tracery.

Friday.

Bretly Handicap: Battle Axe.
Ditch Mile Nursery: King Phillip.

LANARK.—Tuesday.

Carmichael Handicap: Ormette.
Blackwood Nursery: More Vane

Wednesday.

Hamilton Handicap: Leaflet.
Lee Nursery: Second Edition.

EDINBURGH—Thursday.

Lothian's Handicap: Dormant.
Sportsman's Nursery: Pretty Dark.

Friday.

Edinburgh Gold Cup: Glass Bell.
Barnbogle Nursery: Smeaton Lady.

LINGFIELD PARK—Saturday.

Cage Nursery: Far-na-Mana.

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Big Pension Prize

Last Week for Entries.

£2

A WEEK FOR

LIFE

Not a single reader of "Modern Life" can afford to pass by this golden chance. A Coupon correctly filled in will make YOU independent for life. In addition to the prize mentioned above, we offer 10/- A WEEK FOR 12 MONTHS TO THE NEAREST CORRECT, and 5/- A WEEK FOR 12 MONTHS TO THE NEWSAGENT whose name and address appears on the coupon which is successful in securing the first prize.

YOU CAN SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE

and they must reach our offices not later than first post on Friday, Oct. 3rd.

FOR COUPONS & CONDITIONS SEE BACK PAGE.

"Gale's Special"

The "SPECIAL" that
Guarantees Your Success.

"Fewer Selections and more Winners than
any of its rivals." *Vide The Sportsman.*

PROOF! PROOF! PROOF!

Principal Event Selections

this year have included LOUVOIS (25 pts.) for the Two Thousand Guineas; KLEINFONTEIN (10 pts.) for the Payne Stakes; LORENZO (4½ pts.) for the Manchester Cup; ST. MERIADOC (12½ pts.) for the Stewards' Handicap; GREAT SURPRISE (5 pts.) for the Windsor Castle Handicap; LOMOND (3 pts.) for the Diadem Stakes; RIVOLI (14 pts.) for the Alexandra Handicap; DIADUMENOS (10 pts.) for the July Handicap; PICTORIAL (10 pts.) for the Great Kingston T.Y.O. Plate; POTENCY (2½ pts.) for the Wistow Hall Breeders' Foal Plate; LONG SET (10 pts.) for the Liverpool Cup; CATMINT (12½ pts.) for the Goodwood Cup; STORNOWAY for the Gimcrack Stakes; CIGAR for the Prince of the Peak Plate; AT LAST for the Prince Edward Handicap; HORNET'S BEAUTY (4½ pts.) for the Portland Handicap; and SAILAWAY for the Ayr shire Plate.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF "GALE'S SPECIAL," posted to all subscribers on Monday evening, will contain Editor's notes and selections for the

CESAREWITCH AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES, and those sportsmen who remember our great "double," when we gave SUBMIT (33-1) for the Cesarewitch Stakes, and CHRISTMAS DAISY (100-7) for the Cambridgeshire Stakes, will not hesitate to secure a copy of next Monday's issue.

Next Monday's issue of "GALE'S SPECIAL," published at 2/6, will be sent post free, in plain sealed envelope, upon receipt of 1/- P.O., or Stamps, to all readers of "Modern Life" enclosing this paragraph.

Sportsmen requiring unequalled and sterling intelligence should subscribe for

Gale's Primus Wire

The Most Successful Service Ever Inaugurated.
On Wednesday, September 10th, from Doncaster, all subscribers received

DORMANT (9 to 2 against) WON.
DORMANT (9 to 2 against) WON.
DORMANT (9 to 2 against) WON.
DORMANT (9 to 2 against) WON.

Nothing else whatever mentioned.

Previous Recent Wire Triumphs!

SVETEC (6 pts.); MEDIATOR (4½ pts.); GREAT SURPRISE (14 pts.); AMADOR (6 pts.); DALLINGTON (8 pts.); RIVOLI (14 pts.); SOLPFURFE (8 pts.); CASSIM (12½ pts.); SANTAIR (4 pts.); BUCKSTEAD (7 pts.); SHOLEBROKE (5 pts.); DIADUMENOS (10 pts.); HORNET'S BEAUTY (4 pts.); HALIFAX (7 pts.); TWENTY TWO (10 pts.);

The charge for this Special "Gale's" Primus Wire is FIVE POUNDS PER MESSAGE. It amounts to this, ONE SELECTION ONLY—THE BEST SELECTION THAT MONEY CAN BRINGS, AND INFLUENCE CAN PROCURE.

As a Special Offer to "Modern Life" readers, we will send the next Special Primus Wire from Nottingham, on Tuesday, October 7th, upon receipt of £10, instead of the usual charge of £25.

and unless the selection sent out is successful, and at reasonable odds, we guarantee to send you one of our famous Tatterton Ring Wires entirely free of charge. On the other hand, should the selection win at the odds of not less than 8 to 1 against subscribers, will, of course, forward the balance of £15.

Note that our ONLY address is:—

"Gale's Special,"
Ruskin Buildings, Birmingham.

Telegraphic Address: "WINNERS, Birmingham."

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Tweeds for winter wear I should like to recommend the Bannockburn make, and shall explain why.

Bannockburn tweeds are not the production of any special or any particular firm, and therefore there is no axe to grind in the recommendation.

The true Bannockburn tweed is composed of double yarn, in warp and weft, and this gives a durability to the cloth which is not found in any single-yarn material.

In addition, as the two twists in the same thread can be, usually are, of different colourings, there is more variety in the colouring, or blending of colourings, in the cloth piece.

The Bannockburn tweed is lasting of wear and of appearance, not unduly expensive, and altogether a valuable wear for the man who studies appearance and economy.

A warning, however. This tweed, to be genuine, must have each and every thread of double twist. It is not sufficient to have the weft, or cross thread, double, and the single.

If you accept my recommendation and have your winter Bannockburn tweed, make sure, either by the assurance of your tailor, or by dissecting the pattern you ask for, it is actually double twist yarn throughout.

There seems to be an inclination towards more width in trousers than formerly.

I presume this is to some extent a following of the American style of clothing, which obtrudes itself upon the ordinary looking crowd of youths and middle-aged youths in the States.

It seems to me there must be two distinct types of tailors in America. The well-dressed American must either have a thoroughly good tailor at home or he imports his clothes from England, for he is well dressed.

The middle-class tailor of America must have legion for a name, judging from the thousands of monstrosities of which he sends over here each summer.

These have neither shape nor form, and if we in England are edging in towards a copy of the American trousers, I do not think the mild lunacy may not extend to the American style of coat, with its pound of cotton wadding in each shoulder and a general appearance of having been built for Daniel Webster of deceased memory, instead of the moderate sized man of indigestive appearance due to quick lunches and water who wears it.

I will say this for the middle-class—or perhaps it is more correct and more polite to say the medium-price—tailor of England, he aims at good style in the clothes he produces, and gives as much good style as the money will permit of.

If your tailor, in a fit of misbegotten enterprise, should suggest to you the slouching sloppy American style, I trust you will say "No," and thus strike even a feeble blow for England's supremacy in good taste, and all the other virtues.

I do not wish to labour this subject of American styles, there is just one other point, and I am done.

An American boot has arrived on these shores with a hump on the toe like that on the proboscis of an animal in the States, whose name I forget.

In addition to a man's boot is unmeaningly ugly and unnecessary, except possibly to the man troubled with ingrown nails, and even then of doubtful utility.

I hope the youth and manhood of England will stick to his old British bootmaker, who does not know how to add a second storey to the toe of a boot, and does not wish to



Keep your Boys at Home.

Your boys will be delighted with a Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is, there is a Riley Table to fit it. Riley's **Miniature Billiard Tables** give a perfect game—so truly are they proportioned. Prices from £3/7/6. The 6ft. 4in. size at £5/5/0 is suitable for most rooms. Riley's Combine Billiard and Dining Tables from £13/10/0. Cash or Easy Payments. Prices include all accessories and seven days' free trial. **FREE on receipt of postcard, full detailed Illustrated Catalogue.**

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HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS

If you have wrecked your Nerves by **OVERWORK** or **WORRY**, and you feel weak, worn out, or jaded, send 1d. for my book, "Nervous Breakdowns," and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess. Thousands who have read it acclaim it to be "worth its weight in gold."



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Our Second Grand Football Competition

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN £2 A WEEK FOR LIFE.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, October 4th, and for the first prize of £2 a week you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw, leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given on the coupon we will award £2 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasures or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, October 4th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 2 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, October 3rd. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £2 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £2 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 2

Matches to be played on Saturday, October 4th. Cross out in ink—the name of the team you forecast will lose. For a draw do not cross out either name.

BLACKBURN
BOLTON WANDERERS
MANCHESTER UNITED
SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY
WEST BROMWICH ALBION
CHELSEA
BLACKPOOL
CLAPTON ORIENT
GLOSSOP
LEEDS
STOCKPORT
WOOLWICH ARSENAL
CRYSTAL PALACE
GILLINGHAM
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE
READING
SOUTHEND UNITED
WATFORD
COVENTRY
NORWICH C.

V. DERBY COUNTY.
V. NEWCASTLE UNITED.
V. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.
V. LIVERPOOL.
V. ASTON VILLA.
V. PRESTON NORTH END.
V. LINCOLN CITY.
V. NOTTS COUNTY.
V. BRADFORD.
V. LEICESTER.
V. FULHAM.
V. BURY.
V. SWINDON.
V. PORTSMOUTH.
V. WEST HAM UNITED.
V. BRISTOL ROVERS.
V. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
V. EXETER.
V. CARDIFF.
V. MILLWALL.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature

Address

Newsagent's Name

Address

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE,



A letter from Switzerland



?



£1,000 by all that's splendid!

WINNERS OF £1,000:

R. P. Weeks, 50, Bailey Street, Brynmawr, Brecon, S. Wales.
G. W. Webb, Market Place Chambers, Reading.

WINNERS OF £500:

E. M. Hughes, Tan-Lan, Bethesda, N. Wales; C. J. Goulter, 1, St. George's Road, Kingston Hill, W. Hargrave, Royal Marine Infirmary, Deal; J. J. Richards, 9, Shannon Grove, Brixton, S.W.; B. Wyatt, 3, Palmer Road, Enfield, Middlesex; W. H. Blackshaw, The Lea, Denham, Bucks.; Colchin, Junr., Woolpack Inn, Iwade, Kent; F. Smith, 241, High Street, Porth, Glam.; 34, The Park, Treharris; W. H. Cowdery, Forester's Arms, Coxgreen, Maidenhead; B. Ainley, 10, Hamilton Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.

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